

PROSE SKETCHES.

BY A POET.

THE JURA.—I was leaning indolently over the carriage window, and throwing all the wishes and feelings of my heart along the valleys as they opened on me, and thinking how happy I could have been among them, when the courier suddenly announced that the first sight of the Alps was visible. The first sight of the Alps! Time was, when I should have sprang breathlessly from the seat, and run on, and cheered, as an Englishman does when he is eminently happy, or danced as might the Frenchman; but time, or rather intense exercise of thought, or both, had overwrought, and quieted in me, all those first spring-bursts of feeling, whose chief foundation is animal gladness; and yet not the less full were mine! A host of recollections flashed before me—visions of Hannibal, and of the old and modern times; and my breath began to come thickly. I was aware I was close upon seeing what I had read of, and dwelt on, and dreamed of from nine years of age, when, like every other enthusiastic boy, and I was made up of enthusiasm, (and, as a man, I have not altered my opinion here.) I thought Hannibal the greatest soldier that ever existed. Then I began to fear disappointment—and then I walked rapidly on; and so I failed in my wish, which was to come, at first, calm before all great appearances, and to reflect on my own impressions. Vain dream of the closet! Nature calls on that self which then laughs at the meshes of art while breaking through them, and uniting, in her own fashion, our congenial sympathies.

The descent came abrupt and rapid: the road made a sudden turn between two enormous gorges of the rocky hill, which seemed like unfolding gates; when on passing between them, (I can compare it to nothing else,) the old world seemed suddenly shut out from behind me, and lost, and a new one expanded beneath my eye in all its infinity of prospect. Stretched out beneath me further than the eye could sweep along the level, the Lake Lemano looking like a blue ribbon eddying along it when fancifully drifted by the wind; and seeming, in the distance, as if it belted the Alps with an azure girdle! Woods, streams, cities, towers and hamlets, dotting its rich surface of boundless expansion, till the eye itself failed to take it in, and after vaguely wandering over it, rested at last for relief on the boundaries of mountains rising upon mountains from north to south in every wild form which imagination could conceive, reminding me of the Titanic heaps of Pelion on Ossa, and as azure as the heaven of which they seemed the pillars.

There is no view in the world more superb than the chain of Alps as seen from the Jura mountains—at a glance one seizes a hundred leagues, from the Dauphiné to St. Gothard. The curve of the earth, and the perspective, concur to lessen the height of the distant mountains, and as they really diminish in height at the two extremities of the chain, one sees the high summits of the Alps lessen insensibly at the right and left of Mont Blanc, as they retire in distance from their majestic sovereignty.

Upon them, or rather above them, rested many clouds; while I was gazing on them they all lifted as a curtain, and slowly rolled away—all, excepting three enormous masses, which remained immovable. It was a long time before I could be convinced, against the positive evidence of my senses, that those apparent clouds were the triple summits of the Mont Blanc; that they were as steadfast and as everlasting as He who fixed them there, to be the wonder and the worship of all place, of all people, of all ages, and of all time!

The whole scene, at first, gave me a sensation of doubt, almost unbelief; and a confused feeling. I had shaped such things when a boy; but I had never dreamed to see such visions rise embodied before me. My eyes were concentrated wistfully on those everlasting clouds, and I was affected with a crowd of emotions; for I saw the one object unchangeable still, which had fixed the attention, and which had survived the changes of ages, as forgotten as the clouds of yesterday. Nature, too, speaks to us always in parables; to enjoy the truth, we must search for it—in the search, as after happiness, is more than half the enjoyment. Thus, here, I read the visible handwriting of the Eternal on the walls of Nature, as clearly as did Belshazzar on his palace walls; as if it said to the sceptic, "Doubt not this!" Nature, I say, and I have ever felt it, speaks to us in parables, and in analogies. I looked again, and I saw manifested before me, in that mountain, reared above all, the white, the spotless footstool, and the altar for adoration to kneel on, and to pour itself away in its orisons to the Highest. While I was gazing on it, the setting sun, that glorious shadow of its Maker, cast on its molten sides the last effulgence of its decaying radiance. I felt the full conviction of their truth. The first offerings of man to that sublime object must have been ever the same; firstly, doubt, and then wonder, and then the feeling of the existence of a Deity, and a sense of adoration. It forms a type also of the operations of the Immaterial on the mind of him who sits down earnestly to search for truth; and who discovers, at last, as there, that it is not a passing shadow, but a substantial thing. I then was reminded of the restlessness of ambition, nor which oceans nor mountains can bound—I was reminded of it, by imagining how the first sight of these mountains must have astonished the veterans of Cæsar, and must have still more excited his ardent mind.

The Jura, in the time of Julius Cæsar, separated the Helvetians from those people of Gaul, who were named the Sequani, and who, at present, inhabit Burgundy and the Franche-Comté.—"Helvetii continetur—altera ex parte, monte Jura, altissimo, qui est inter Sequanos et Helvetios." Cæsar, de Bel. Gal. c. 11. Part of the chain of Alps, exterior, because divided. And, ages before him, I thought how it might, perhaps, have cast a doubt even on the spirit of the indomitable Hannibal!

Where is that Yesterday of ages? Shall there be drawn from the Future as long a To-morrow—an endless Duration? If this be, as it shall be, what a folly shall History become, or even the very counting of Time!

But to return: not in ascending the Jura, but in the descent, is one made aware of their immense altitude: the earth, on the Pays de Vaud, falls away from their gigantic sides, into sunken hollows, as profound in depth, as they are in elevation. I threw myself into the very lowest hollow; an intercepted sunbeam followed me, which had lost its way—I then looked up and felt, even to awe, all the grandeur of their enormous

battresses and castled crags, which seemed to have shut me out from the world behind me forever. I turned from them, and began to take in by degrees (how Nature mocks the limited faculties of man!) the infinite of expansion, and of glory, and of beauty, which lay spread out before me, rejoicing under a most azure sky! Yes, the character there of earth and heaven is pure and unmixed happiness! Then I saw and felt how the wildest and fondest enthusiasm may not only be pardoned, but admired; for how poor are our faculties when brought before the Infinite and the Eternal! and how natural a thing it is that we should overstrain ourselves, and even overleap the bounds of propriety, in vainly endeavoring, like the Pythouss of Virgil, to throw off the inspiration from our bosoms.

Who can express any mastering passion of our nature? Love, for example. No—we have nothing but sighs, or words, which to those who feel them not, would be worse than folly—even so; but far—far more unequal is the strife of man with Nature: for myself, perhaps, I have proved this truth more than most men. Here was I, who from fifteen years of age, had dreamed, or thought away my life (either term now, I know, is the same) under half the hills, and rocks, and woods of my country; and had (as it were) hung over her dimly setting suns, and her evening stars, with a pure love, and a feeling of blessing, which I have never half expressed—and yet how much have I struggled to do so in writings which, some day or other, will be better known to the world than they are at present. Here had I, at last, been enabled to leave it at the age of thirty-four, for the first time, when the deferred hope of doing so had almost made my heart sick, and when my energies had been too much drawn on by years of intense study. All this was now passed away like a painful, and yet a pleasing vision! And here I stood surveying, from my Pisgah height, the promised land of the hopes of nearly twenty years!

Ought I not then to be enthusiastic? But no idle rhapsodies can now come from me: the quick and the subdued feelings which I have acquired, the veneration, and the troubled love, yet more fervent, the hopes drawn from what I see, the faith built up from what I feel within me, the reflections given me from every cloud and from every shadow, are thankfully exchanged for my once animal gladness; are blessings so delicious, that they can only be appreciated by those whose feelings have united themselves with Nature from their childhood.

Who can look at the tremendous clefts, and the rending asunder of the very heart of the mountains here, each frowning opposite to the other with their shattered pinnacles and ridges of the same crystallized granite!—who can see the whitened fragments lying in the very bed of that icy sea, crushed into every form!—above all, who can trace the chasms of its descent from Mont Blanc, and not feel, and know, as if the truth were stamped intently in him, that this was once the very region, the centre-place, and the throne, of earthquakes, of deluges, or volcanic fires?

Here my eyes seemed as if first opened: I had imagined much; now I saw, and seeing, could scarcely believe. Here were mountains hewn asunder, forced aside, or shattered into fragments, to give passage to the "fountains of the great deep," to rush out, and to join again their seas. Yet, what an opposing force must have presented itself, even in that very hour of chaos! for who can look for a moment, with his thoughts awakened, on the chasms which are filled by the Mer de Glace, and not feel, and know that, in the very fullest downward sweeping tide of those mountain seas, even in their most rushing descent, that they were arrested and frozen in one instant. The innumerable waves seem still hanging on their curl, half pausing, as then, ere they broke; now become the petrified monuments of undated time! Never did I see and feel that sublime sentiment given to the Deity, so terribly illustrated—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." What a most awaking sight to the thinking man is there! The other wonders of nature are alive—all life; this is "the Dead Sea," or rather its monument, for life itself, if it be there, sleeps underneath, and hand-in-hand with death. Was not the sun, in that hour of destruction, instantly removed? or rather, was the earth hurled from her position, and her source of light and heat gone, immediately frozen, the Mer de Glace remaining now, as then, from the natural effects of its extraordinary position?

And the chaos which they found, or made—the jarring elements of hard and soft, of hot and cold, of moist and dry, remain to-day as ever; and shall do so, until time shall again cease to be. The torrents still thunder through the rent gorges as wrathful as then; the opposing, fierce resistance is still the same, and the war rages on forever. The waters which then rushed down from the Jura, on the one side, and the Alps on the other, are still embedded in the Lemano Lake, that throws her azure girdle between them. The air, chilled and damped among the depths of those tremendous gorges, is impassive to the sun's rays, and though the earth there throws out her lighter flowers on the very edge of the snows, yet her mightier shapes and members remain the same as ever. The snows of four thousand winters (perhaps of an infinite duration) lie deepening among the shattered ribs of her hills, and become the destroying thunderbolts of the alpine storms; to mantle him again in darkness, Mont Blanc, that purest, surest tablet of Almighty power, rises as silently and as immovable as when he left it alone in its silent fields of air.

I saw before me, in Mont Blanc, the shattered remains of some mighty height of the old world, round which the tides of the ocean had the deepest rolled.

That the lower pyramids were formed in water, all naturalists concur; so from them they rushed when they perhaps overturned the world; they rolled on, and formed themselves lakes and rivers, and seas, where was dry land before, leaving dry land behind them, shattered and broken, such as we see it here. How the mind feels this when we even look over a map of the world!—how the mind knows this, when standing, as I do now, on the summit of the loftiest Alps! Those mists floating round, these pinnacled obelisks, like veils of air, now half concealing them, and now dispersing in silvery smoke—what are they, in very truth, but the analogous incense of nature herself, mounting from her crowning dome and temple to the Maker? All earth is life, and who shall dare to say that man only is sensible to the blessing of existence, or that we know God more than the meanest thing that breathes, for alas! what did the wisest man who ever lived confess?—that we know nothing; but we are gods in our own imaginations.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From our Liverpool Correspondent.

Since my last we have had two packets from New York—the Quebec at Portsmouth on Saturday, and the George Washington at Liverpool on Monday. Thus, the Quebec, though she sailed two days later, was in two days before the other. The George Washington arrived yesterday in 19 days.

The intelligence from the United States as to the awful state of your panic-struck money market has alarmed us here, but has little effect, as yet, upon the funds or prices. We trust you will be able to rub over this second crisis, as specie will be sent from this country in large quantities.

O'Connell attended in his place to be reprimanded by the Speaker, for making what a vote of the lower house declared to be "a false and scandalous imputation" upon its members. The house was crowded. O'Connell came in about 4 P. M., and swaggered up to the Speaker, with whom he conversed a short time. He then strolled away, and in his confusion, took a seat on the opposition benches, next Sir E. Sugden. He shortly after removed to his wonted seat on the Ministerial benches.

Before 5, Lord Maidstone moved that the proceeding be commenced. The Speaker asked whether Mr. O'Connell were in his place? O'Connell answered, "I am here, sir." The Speaker desired him to stand up, and then reprimanded him at some length, with considerable severity, and with much dignity and impartiality.

An eye-witness declares that O'Connell's demeanor, while thus lectured, like a school-boy, was most pitiable to look at. At first he appeared to listen—as the Speaker explained the flagrant nature of his offence, he grew most confused, changed his posture, twitched his wig, pulled his neck-kerchief, folded and unfolded his arms, and betrayed all appearance of a mind extremely ill at ease. He then pulled out his eye-glass, pretended not to mind what the Speaker said, and assumed the appearance of one reading a pamphlet. It is not very likely that, smarting under the infliction and disgrace, he really could read at the moment.

At last the Speaker concluded, and O'Connell, without sitting down, made a long, rambling, and vehement speech, in which he said that he would move for a committee to inquire whether he had not just grounds for declaring that the Tory members of election committees were perjured, as he said! He wound up by declaring that what he had been reprimanded for saying, he now repeated. He concluded thus:

I have repented of nothing—I retract nothing. (Hear.) I mean not to use any harsh or offensive language when I can avoid—(oh, oh! from the opposition)—but I re-adopt what I before said. (Cheers.) I admire their attention to a subject which introduces the name and sanction of the Deity. (Hear, hear.) I repeat what I have said, but I wish I could find terms less offensive in themselves and equally significant; but as I cannot—(hear, hear)—I am bound to re-assert what I have asserted. (Cheers.) By the vote I am convinced of nothing. (Cheers.)

He did not move the committee then, the form being to give notice of it, and on the next night it was postponed. The issue will be, I dare say, that a new mode of deciding controverted elections will be hit upon.

This reprimand, entered now on the journals of the House of Commons, will have a very decided effect, I think, upon the fortunes of O'Connell and the existence of the Ministry. It is clear that they, or part of them—for Lord Melbourne declared on Thursday evening in the House of Lords, that the less was said about it the better—identified themselves with the defence of O'Connell. They were beaten on that defence—and this seems likely to be followed by other defeats. As for O'Connell, how can he, branded by Parliament as the utterer of "false and scandalous" charges against the Commons, hope to become an Irish Judge now. The emine should be unspotted.

From Hood's Comic Almanac for 1836.

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—Goldsmith.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—Sittersmith.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass, or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me, and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in the seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
And managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated other's brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, and endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter pang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who married my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played, cried "What a noise!"
Girls always hector over boys?
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had,"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself?

All the inhabitants in the Lower Province of Canada are ordered immediately to give up all arms in their possession, and in one month a vigorous search will be made.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpolished, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the rights of the Revolution, and the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws; the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores; when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of those wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. We will not hold him guilty of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preceding articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

A. LEE'S Lottery and Exchange Office, 5 doors east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand a fine selection of Tickets, in all the various Lotteries now drawing under the management of D. S. Gregory & Co. All orders promptly attended to.

W. M. V. BANNERMAN respectfully informs the public, that he continues to execute Engraving in all its various branches; also Copperplate printing. Aug. 10—14

SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN, CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER, HAS on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply of the best Swedish Leeches. He can be found at all hours at his residence on 9th street, three doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Guntton's Drug Store. Aug. 26—y

DANIEL PIERCE respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his Umbrella Manufactory to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to cover, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they would come and designate their Umbrellas. Sept. 23—3m

FRENCH LESSONS.—Mons. Abadie has the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city and its vicinity, that he continues to give lessons in his own native language at his rooms, or private families and academies, at a moderate price. For particulars apply at this office. Abadie's French grammar and course of French Literature, for sale at all the book-stores.

GARLEGANT'S BALSAM OF HEALTH. PREPARED ONLY BY JOHN S. MILLER, Frederick City, Maryland.

THIS valuable medicine has only been introduced to the public about five years, in various parts of the country, and hundreds of persons have used it, and found its beneficial effects, and seven out of ten cases have been permanently cured of the Dyspepsia, Cholera, Nervous Tremors, Lowness of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart; and all those train of diseases resulting from a disordered condition of the stomach and liver, or derangement of the digestive functions, such as general debility or weakness, flatulency, loss of appetite, sour eructations and acidities of the stomach, costiveness, head ache, jaundice, flatulent and bilious colic, &c.

The proprietor does not recommend it as most patent medicines are, as a cure all, and when used is found wanting; that the public have got so much deceived, that they can scarcely be prevailed upon to try any more, which is not the case with this Balsam of Health, as hundreds of persons have received the most happy and good effects, the proprietor can produce, if required, the testimony of many respectable persons, that have been cured of the above diseases, and who are now enjoying a fair trial, and he assures them that they will not be disappointed.

The Public will find it for sale—wholesale and retail—at TODD'S Drug-Store.

March 17.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a *corpus poetarum*, the lustre of whose immortal wreaths has shed a brighter glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiers have achieved, our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. Appeals, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'oeuvre* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius, and which claim for America as high rank in the scale of literary elevation as is now ceded to older, and, in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unimpaired form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add to the pleasure of the publication. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of materials for such an undertaking, let them believe that the Aonian Muses have confined their richest favors to our transatlantic brethren to the exclusion of native genius, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been published in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the wilderness, are growing over the ashes of many of the highly gifted who, scattered over the wide and romantic regions of our republic, have scattered poetry in "ringlets," bright from the mint of genius, and glowing with the incense of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such were HARNY, author of "Crystalina" and the "Fever Dream"; SANDS, author of "Yamoyden"; WILCOX, author of "The Age of Benevolence"; ROBINSON, author of "The Savage"; LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian feelings; lamented BRAINARD, and many beside, whose writings are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, Bryant, Dana, Percival, Sprague, Sigourney, Whittier, Willis, &c., the public are familiar; and we can assure them that there exists, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of searching it, and adding undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall resort to the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and emblazon a bright and imperishable form the numberless "gems of purest ray," with which our researches into the literary antiquities of our country have endowed us; and we are confident that every lover of his native land will regard our enterprise as patriotic, and deserving the support of the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and assert its claims to the status of a great people, and to the patronage of the community to aid us in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the world a proud evidence that America, in the giant strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined ere long to cope in the arena of literature with those lands which, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished intellect, the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will contain the complete works of a portion of the following—the most popular of our poetic writers—and of the others the best poems, and such as are least generally known:

John Quincy Adams, Washington Allston, Joseph Barber, Joel Barlow, Park Benjamin, Elizabeth Bogan, John G. C. Brainerd, James G. Brooks, William Cullen Bryant, George C. Carver, Robert S. Coffin, Richard H. Dana, George F. Davis, Joseph Rodman Drake, Timothy Dwight, Elizabeth F. Elliot, Philip Freneau, William D. Everett, Sumner L. Fairchild, Philip Freneau, William D. Gallagher, Hanna F. Gould, Fitz-Greene Halleck, John M. Harvey, John A. Hillhouse, Charles F. Hoffman, Miller Grenville Neal, John Peabody, B. W. O. Jones, G. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, George D. Prentice, J. O. Rockwell, Robert O. Sands, Lydia H. Sigourney, Charles Sprague, J. R. Sutermeister, John Trumbull, P. Willis, M. Wetmore, John Greenleaf Whittier, Nathaniel P. Willis.

In addition to the poems of the above named authors, selections, comprising the best productions of more than four hundred other American writers, will be given as the work progresses.

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